

until someone came back. I took the 4.30 Daylight Saving time for New Brunswick via Monmouth Junction. My ticket was the only one sold in Lavalette to New Brunswick that day and they have a record of it in the agency. I gave one key to the house to Eger and think I went around to tell the cook, Mrs. Evanson. I also stopped and told Miss Blodgett, who keeps a gift shop, about the telegram. At Monmouth Junction I saw a New Brunswick Home News, which told of the finding of the bodies and who they were. I am almost sure that before I left Lavalette I wired Edwin Carpender and I think I wired Mrs. Stevens. I telephoned her and met her in Edwin Carpender's house in New Brunswick.

My train reached New Brunswick about 6.30 Daylight and Edwin Carpender met me with his car. I said, "Edwin, what does this mean". He said, "Murder". I didn't know from the paper whether it was a murder or suicide. I went to his house and, after I had talked to Edwin Carpender a while, I went over to my sister's. I do not know what we talked about there, everyone was talking. I never met Mr. or Mrs. Mills and never heard of them. The only Mills I ever heard of was Henry, and I simply remember hearing of him because he kept bees and at one time lived in the lodge house of Lindenwood, my grandfather's old home, where Sydney Carpender lives now. I never met him and never saw him close enough to know what he looked like, but I remember seeing the bee hives long before the murder. I kept bees for five years when I lived in Roselle. As near as I can make out, the last time I was in New Brunswick before September 14, 1922 was in the latter part of March, when I think I went there to the dentist alone. I imagine I went by train, as I very seldom drove to New Brunswick unless I had some furniture to bring down from my mother's house out of the furniture which we divided up after my mother died in 1919.

I am almost positive that the last time I saw Mrs. Hall was on June 23rd, when Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Gorsline drove down to Lavalette to see about getting a place for the choir boys' camp. Mrs. Stevens and I own some beach front lots south of our property and offered these as a campsite, and also to drive a well, etc., but they decided it was not a suitable place on account of the bushes, grass and mosquitoes, etc. I do not think they were in Lavalette more than an hour and a half to two hours. I think this was the only time I talked with Mr. Gorsline in my life. I had hardly any conversation with Mr. Hall alone and do not remember hearing Mrs. Mills' name mentioned, though it may have been through some mention of church work. We just talked about the choir boys' camp.